

Not only will such education of boys and girls be a protection to them in their future life employment, but the education of a generation or two in temperance sentiment will be necessary before we can hope for the overthrow of the liquor traffic in this country. Such education of the youth will prepare them for the struggle which is certain to come for the preservation of the nation as against the selfish interests of the liquor power. What the outcome of that struggle will be we have no doubt. Indeed, we believe that the end of the liquor traffic is nearer at hand than even many of the friends of temperance believe.

### A Converted Grip.

A commercial traveller of our acquaintance was converted about a year ago. He had been a man of the world. Not a hard drinker, yet he frequently took a glass with a customer to seal a sale. And sometimes he took a glass without a sale, or a customer either. He was not a gambler, yet he always carried a pack of cards in a certain corner of his grip. But through a good wife's prayers and solicitations he was converted. Then came the test of the first trip out.

It is a common saying among commercial men that 'when you are in Rome you must do as Romans do.' They declare that you can not sell goods without taking a drink with the customer who drinks, or without passing over the cigars for the customer who smokes—and most of them do.

Our friend had said these things so often himself that he almost believed them, but he packed his grip with a firm resolve. He took the train with a prayer upon his lips. The first town he 'made' knew that something had happened. When he opened his grip there was no pipe there. There were no cigars. There was no flask of liquor. And in the corner, where the well-worn deck of cards always lay, there was a small Bible.

The grip had met with a change of heart! The first customer laughed. 'Ha, ha! good joke! capital!' roared he. The second customer whistled and looked quizzically at the drummer. The third customer said: 'Why, my dear fellow, what's up? Haven't turned preacher, have you?' But our friend met them all alike. Pleasantly, but earnestly; he spoke it right out: 'Boys, I've turned around!' The fourth customer was a Christian man. He looked the drummer in the eye without saying a word and pointed to the Bible. The converted man said, slowly, but positively: 'I mean it.' The tears sprang to the customer's eyes in a flash, and the two men grasped hands with the warmth and tenderness of friends meeting in a strange land.

Everybody found it out. They talked of it all along the road. Everybody who knew the young fellow knew that something had happened—something wonderful. The converted grip told the story. And then he backed up its testimony with his own.

Hard! Well, yes, at first. But it is not so now. He cut a clean swath the first trip, and it has been easy ever since. And the brother knights of the grip profoundly respected him for it. 'The fellow is in earnest,' they say, 'and lives up to his principles; we believe in that.'—*Epworth Herald.*

### King Bacchus and his Prime Minister.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson at a Band of Hope meeting said 'Bacchus was the king of this country (Great Britain) and the brewer was his Prime Minister, and they had a lot of fellows going up and down the streets roaring "Britons never shall be slaves," though they are the slaves of the liquor power and send to Parliament anybody whom the liquor power tells them to send there. Well, after all these years of temperance work it was rather depressing, no doubt; but they all knew it was hard to twist and turn people who had grown up on one line. There was a saying that there was no fool like an old fool; he felt the truth of that as he got on. (Laughter.) But what did the Band of Hope do? It realized the difficulty, and it left the older people to be looked after by other organizations, and said it would do what it could to train up the children so that when they grew up they would set themselves and their country free from this curse. He remembered reading that in the days of the French Revolution in one of the French

towns a lot of children used to go about waving a revolutionary banner and saying, "Tremble, tyrants; We are growing up!" That was what they wanted the children to say, "Tremble brewers. We are growing up!" Ah, ah! they were trembling already. What did one of their great men say at a meeting not long since? Speaking of the bill to prevent children being served with liquor in the public houses, he said: "This will never do. They are destroying our future customers." Ah! he often thought how much better the liquor men understood the temperance question than we do. The liquor men were right, for the Band of Hope wanted to teach the children to boycott the publicans. They must do something of that sort, for the publicans would not go on strike on their own accord. They heard of all kinds of strikes, but they never heard of a strike of the liquor men. If they would only go on strike for a month there would be a sort of temporary millennium.'

### Not Another Cent.

A mechanic about thirty years of age, having a wife and four children, was wont to step into a beer-saloon close by twice a day and pay five cents each for two glasses of beer. For many months he did this, under the impression that it was necessary for a hard working man. But one day, while toiling at his bench, a new and better idea took possession of his mind.

'I am poor,' he said within himself; 'my family needs every cent I earn; it is growing more expensive every year; soon I shall want to educate my children. Ten cents a day for beer! Let me see—that is sixty cents a week, even if I drink no beer on Sunday. Sixty cents a week! That is thirty-one dollars and twenty cents a year! And it does me no good; it may do me harm. Let me see,' and here he took a piece of chalk and solved the problem on a board. 'I can buy two barrels of flour, one hundred pounds of sugar, five pounds of tea, and six bushels of potatoes for that sum.' Pausing a moment, as if to allow the grand idea to take full possession of him, he then exclaimed, 'I will never waste another cent on beer!' And he never has.

## Correspondence

Glen Colin, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Brighty. I have three cats. Their names are Beauty, Daisy, and Tommy. I have a dog named Sport. He will get the cows for me. I have two sisters and two brothers. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Thomas. My sister plays the organ for Sunday-school and church. I wonder if any little girl has the same birthday as mine, Nov. 15. I am eight years old.

FERN W.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw my letter in the 'Messenger' and was very much pleased. I have started to go to school now. I like it very much. We had our fair here for two days; the first day was the children's day, so I went, I got in for five cents. I saw the show and it was very nice; my two little sisters went too. I will tell them to write to you. I enjoy writing very much. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Coyne.

ETHEL R.

Murray River.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger' and I like it very much. We live on a farm. I have two sisters and six brothers living and two dead. I am a member of the Baptist Church and Sunday-school. The Rev. Mr. Carter is the teacher of the class that I am in. I stayed at Mr. Carter's last winter; they are so kind; they have four dear little children, the oldest girl went to school with me. We had a very interesting Sunday-school Association; there were four ministers present. My birthday is on July 3.

MARY G. (Aged 11).

Whitevale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have read many letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' but I have never seen one from Whitevale. This is a very

pretty village and is situated between two hills. I am eleven years old and I am in the junior class at school and my teacher's name is Mr. Noble. I have nearly a mile to go. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Northern Messenger,' it is a very nice paper. I have a little sister three years old; her name is Bessie. I have a cat, called Patam, and a cow, called Daisy.

MARY W.

Wolseley, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. My father farms on a mixed farm. We have eleven pigs, three cows, and seven colts and nine horses. I am eight years old. I go to school most of the time, and I am in the part second reader. My brother is writing this for me. I remain your little reader.

GORDON T. M.

Murray River, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much, especially the Correspondence, and the Story page. My papa is a Baptist minister. My papa and mama came out from England eleven years ago. I have two brothers; their names are Alvah and Cliffe, and a little sister named Ruby, nine months old. For my pets I have a dog, named Kruger, and a cat, named Pretoria, and a kitten, named Spot. We keep a horse and a cow. I go to Sunday-school, and to day school, and I am in the fourth grade. I am nine years old. My birthday is on Feb. 8.

ETTIE A. C.

Pittsburg, Ind.

Dear Editor,—This is the second day of school. I hardly know whether I will go or not; there is so much to do on a farm that one is busy all the time. We have three cows and one calf and some few sheep. It was a terrible surprise to hear that the President was shot. It was just when we were least expecting it. We believed everyone thought too much of him to do such a thing. I think you ought to guard your King carefully, for I believe that all rulers are in danger.

JOHN H. A. A.

Belmont, Man.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and as I was reading the letters written by so many boys and girls, I thought that I would like to write a letter too. We live one mile from the school, so we can go the year round. When the weather is stormy, some one drives us. I have only missed six days and my brother and sister have made a complete record for the last three terms. Our teacher is Miss Lizzie Kinley. We all like to go down to Pelican Lake, which is but a short distance, and play on the shore.

JEAN H. (Aged 7).

Knowlton, Que.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we like it very much. I have three sisters, one is ten months old; her name is Bertha and she is very cute and can walk alone. I have one brother, ten years old, and he walks three miles to school. My birthday was on Sept 8, and I was eight years old; I got a doll for a birthday present. I went to school this summer and read in the second reader. I have never written to the 'Messenger' before.

GLENDORA P.

Lisgar, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, about 68 miles east of Montreal. My father is a farmer; he ships milk to Montreal; he milks about thirty cows. We have four horses. I have no sisters, but one brother. I go to school; and I am in grade I. Model. I live about a mile and a half from a post-office and country stores, and about a mile from a church, I go nearly every Sunday. I go to Sunday-school. My mamma is our teacher. I was in Springfield, Mass., two years ago, in June. We drove fourteen miles round trip to see the late President McKinley, when he was visiting that city, I am so sorry for Mrs. McKinley.

MARETTA. (Aged 11).

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am looking over the Correspondence. I was surprised to see that in last week's 'Messenger,' there was not one correspondence that was headed 'Toronto.' I cannot tell you all the trips I have taken, but one of them, was to the Pan-American, which I enjoyed very much. Our summer resort was near the water, and I took great pleasure in swimming and canoeing as there was lots of it.

B. A.